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Reading Lessons for the Primary Grades

Science Series No. 3

Flora J. Cooke

A Good Friend

Guess who I am!
I am your good friend.
You could not live without me.
If you climb high mountains, I am there.
If you go into deep dark mines, I am there, too.
The fire could not burn without me.
The birds could not fly or sing.
Oh! I often play with you.
Sometimes I run you a race.
But I never get out of breath.
I snatch away your hat, and shout,
"Catch me, if you can!"
I fly your kite and sail your boat.
I make beautiful music.
Often you will not listen to me.
That is strange!

I am very strong.
I bring the snow and the rain.
Yet I know how to carry the tiniest seeds.
I bring Jack Frost to your windows.
You never thank me for the pictures.
That is because you do not see me.
I am invisible.
Oh! I am a fairy, am I? Guess again.

I have not told you half I can do.
When I am still, you call me—
When I am moving, you call me—

Water

Science Series No. 4

We use water every day. We use it for drinking, cooking, sprinkling, washing, bathing, and for power.

We brought home some water from the lake and let it settle. We found sand in the lake water.

We brought home some water from the swamp. We let that settle, too. We found loam in the swamp water.

We examined these waters under the microscope. After that we did not wish to drink them.

We need pure water to drink, so we tried to purify the lake and swamp waters.

We boiled them. The water all boiled away, but the sand and loam were left. We tried again.

We caught the vapor from the water upon cold glass. There was no sand or loam in it. The water was pure.

A Game

We played we were out on the ocean. We had no water to drink, and we were all very thirsty.

Some one said, "Let us get the water from the ocean." We did this, but the water was salt. It made us more thirsty.

A boy said: "I know. Let us strain the water." We did this, but the water was still salt.

Then a girl said: "I know. We must boil the water." We did this, but the water seemed more salt than before.

The captain said, "Try catching the water vapor on cold glass."
We did this. The water was fresh and pure.
How do you think that we got enough water to drink?

Sunshine Stories

Literature Series No. 7

(Adapted from Hans Andersen by Gudrun Thorne-Thomsen.)

This is the story the sunshine told.
Once there was a beautiful bird.
It glittered and shone, for it was of pure gold.
It was so beautiful, and sang so sweetly, that people were happy
when they saw or heard it.
Many a boy and girl tried to catch it, but never could do it.
One day the bird flew far into the forest.
An old woman came to gather sticks for her fire.
"What glitters so in the grass?" she thought.
She picked it up, a wonderful gold egg.
A bird sat in a tree and sang.
The woman carried the egg home.
She took good care of it.

One day it cracked, and a beautiful bird pushed out its head.
This bird had four golden rings around its neck.
The woman had four sons.
She gave each boy a ring.

Once the first boy played near a ditch.
He found some clay and took it in his hands.
He molded and molded till the clay seemed to live.
He had made a great statue.
People wondered at his beautiful work.

The second boy went into a meadow.
How sweet the flowers were!

Red, yellow, blue, and purple. Yes, all colors were there.
The boy took some flowers in his hand.
The juice flew into his eyes and dropped on the ring of his finger.
His eyes and his hand began to work.
He painted the pretty flowers, the trees, and the sky.
People talked of what a great painter he was.

The third boy put the ring between his teeth.
Then he blew on it.
It was like a bird's song.
It sounded like the wind in the tree-tops.
It sounded like a brook running down the hill.
People began to sing when they heard him.
The boy was happy.

The fourth little boy went into the woods.
He sat down under a tree, with a pen in his hand.
The wind came and whispered something to him.
The boy wrote it in his book.
Then he went to the great ocean.
The waves whispered something to him.
He wrote it in his book.
The rain and the sunshine, the flowers and all the trees told him
their secrets.
The boy wrote it all in his book.
What a beautiful story he told.
"I kissed each leaf of the book," said the sunshine.
People are happy when they read this book.

"Awake!" said the sunshine,
"'Tis time to get up,
Awake, pretty daisy, and sweet buttercup.
Why, you've been sleeping the whole winter long;
Hark! Hark! Don't you hear?
'Tis the blue-bird's first song."